A

LETTER

FROM

SOME-BODY in the Country:

In Answer to

NO-BODIES LETTER:

Directed from

LONDON:

In Vindication of

SOME-BODY.

LICENSED, *March* 20. 1679. *ROGER L'ESTRANGE.*

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A

LETTER

FROM

SOME-BODY in the Country.

GOod Mr. *No-Body*, I have thoughr fit to bring you a Cordial to your Malady, leſt the mighty Surfeit ſhould impair your Airy Concavity, or drown your dabling fancy in a maze of unlucky thoughts, whereby ſad deſperations might ariſe, and Tempeſts toſs your Genius beyond what Nature is capable of ſuſtaining; for many there are of your Profeſſion, who in their *Pericranium*

have continual Turnings, Whirlwinds, and Inteſtine Wars: Reaſon and Ignorance contend for Superiority, and oftentimes diſtract, or with an Inundation overflow their bounds, and fall foul upon their Neighbouring Territories; for plainly I muſt tell you Mr. *No-Body*, whether in City or Country, in Town Corporate, Cinque-Port, or Village, or in what place ſoever I find you, I ſhall note you as an idle fantaſtical Fellow, delighting in ſcandals, reproaches, back-bitings, and a thouſand Enormities: from whence you derived your being, none but your ſelf can inform the wandering ſhade of a grim Gobling, who plays leaſt in ſight, ſcouting from place to place, leſt any ſhould obſerve your Knaviſh Preambulation, or meet you at half bent; and if at any time you are trapped in your Roguery, then immediately to clear your ſelf, you cry out upon me, and ſay, *Some-Body* enticed you to act ſuch under-hand miſchiefs, when your ſelf was the Primitive Author; for you being an old Acquaintance of *Fames*, ſhe fills your head with Proclamations, and puts you to relate things which never were tranſacted; the which long fuming from your parboiled brains, at laſt breaks out into an open blaze, to the prejudice of many an honeſt man: but when they look for the Promoter of the Slander, you are not to be found, then preſently I am taxed, and condemned as guilty of the Embrion Crime, or imperfect

perfect Birth, the which had its immature being from your ſpurious fancy; when at the ſame inſtant that it firſt took being, I was imploid in Nobler Concernments, about State Affairs, ſettling of Government, propagation of Religious Exerciſes, and the like; the which if *Some-body* did not maintain, 'twould inevitably ſink, and fall to ruine: And as you take that Arrogance upon you to tax me with Perjuries, Frauds, Thefts, Treaſons, and a thouſand more of your pernicious and dangerous Villanies. I take Heaven to witneſs, that I have endeavoured to depreſs ſuch Vices, and to ſettle the Chriſtal ſtreams of Virtue in a peaceful Land; and to compoſe horrid Wars, Inteſtine and Clandeſtine Tumults, depreſs Rebellious Miſcreants; and whatſoever was pleaſing and delightful, by *Some-Body* were cheriſh'd and maintained. And likewiſe let me tell you Mr. *No-Body*, that Heaven takes ſuch delight in *Some-Body*, and *Some-Bodies* pious Exerciſes, that it thought fit to beſtow all the Graces and Priviledges upon *Some-Body* for the ſame, that was capable to bear.

Therefore Mr. *No-Body*, by your leave, I muſt tell you, it was an inſufferable piece of impudence in you to Father Bluſhing Crimes upon me, and thus ſully my Candid Reputation without a cauſe, caſting your vile aſperſion upon ſo honourable a Perſon, a Perſon, that were it not that I ſcorn to be concerned with ſo inconſidera-

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ble a Fellow as you in all probability are, I ſhould make you know me better: For take notice, it is not for want of ſtrength and ability I decline you, and ſuffer thus your Erroneous Scandals and Exclamations; for *Some-Body* durſt venture upon the *Rump-Parliament*, and turn them out of the Houſe for non-payment of Rent; and *Some-Body* it was that fetched away old *Noll* in a Whirlwind, and ſhook him whilſt three Kingdoms dropped from his Topeſanday. And likewiſe after the remove of that Uſurper, it was *Some-Body* that happily reſtored his now Sacred Majeſty, after his ſo long and unjuſt Exilement, and placed him in his eſtabliſhed Throne, againſt which let *No-body* dare to oppoſe himſelf, leſt Divine Vengeance ſtop his Hell-bred malice with Eternal Flames.

And ſince the bleſſed Reſtoration of our *Britiſh* Monarchy, and the depreſſion of antick-mouthed Fanaticks, whoſe Vinegar-Faces ſet peoples Teeth on edge, *Some-Body* has maintained the Laws and Liberties, propagated the Intereſt of the (before decaying) Kingdoms.

And likewiſe *Some-Body* was inſtrumental in the diſcovery of the late helliſh Plot, ſo ſecretly and ſubtilly contrived, that all the art of Men or Devils could not do more; yet you have the impudence to tax me as guilty of that moſt abhorred ſin, the which had not *Some-Body* timely prevented, had ruined both Church and State,

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for all ſtood tottering on the fatal brink: But Heaven made *Some-Body* ſo happy as to find out and diſcover the growing miſchief before it was ripened or come to perfection; for which *Some-Body* was well rewarded by his moſt loving and bounteous Prince, for ſo good and great a work, at which let *No-Body* repine. And likewiſe ſince by *Some-Bodie*'s good Inſtructions ſeveral of thoſe Locuſts that lately aſcended out of the bottomleſs Pit, have been ſent back again to their primitive Dwelling, e're they could finiſh their tripple-ſtingg'd Maſters buſineſs, or compleat the ſo long contriv'd task.

And likewiſe *Rome*'s Dictator is by *Some-Body* probably conjectured to be Antichriſt, for *No-Body* believes that the Keys of his Money-Cheſt will open Celeſtial dwellings, or that he can let roaſted Souls out of ſmoaky *Avernus* for *Indian* duſt; therefore *No-Body* is ſuch a Fool to truſt him with his Eternal happineſs. But *Some-Body* knows he is not able to ſave himſelf in the great and terrible day, in that day when *Heaven and Earth and all the Elements ſhall paſs away, and melt with fervent heat*, Then *No-Body* will find *Rome*'s Dictates. But

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if *Some-Body* should then call for the Pope, and desire his Warrants to justifie them before the Ancient of Days, he will not appear, *No-Body* can produce him. Himself will not know in what place to hide himself, when he shall be called to an account for all the innocent blood his hands have shed.

Therefore let *No Body* trust a finite Being with the limits of Infinite mercy, lest in the mid-way to Salvation his laging wings cloged with the damps of mighty errours, should decline again, and instead of everlasting rest mistake the way, and plunge in circling fires, of which dread event *Some-Body* is always so wary as to avoid; and certainly *No-Body* will be so rash as to press violently upon premeditate destruction if any by accident do; *No-Body* but himself must answer for so dangerous an attempt. This from *Some-Body*, who defies the hatred of *No-Body*.

York, *March* the 10th, 1678.

FINIS.

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